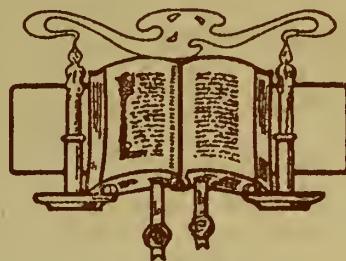


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THE CAMPUS
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE KANSAS EDITOR

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF INFORMATION AND
ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE KANSAS
NEWSPAPER FRATERNITY



VOLUME 3 MAY, 1916 NUMBER 6

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THE LINOTYPE

*It is not fashioned after man,
With flesh and blood, and bones and lungs,
Yet somewhat on the human plan,
Since furnished with a thousand tongues,
To tell the tales from near and far,
Of love and hate, of peace and war.*

*The operator's skillful hand
Transforms the metal, page on page,
To words poetic, simple, grand,
As orator upon the stage,
That to the world the news proclaim,
From Veracruz to Notre Dame.*

*The iron wheels go round and round,
With rhythmic motion, day by day;
The elevator's sure rebound,
The fingers back and forward play,
The matrices as firmly clasp,
As with a human grip and grasp.*

*It has a thousand sleepless eyes,
It has a thousand listening ears;
The world beholds till daylight dies,
Its voices hears till morn appears,
And touches with its silent speech
Humanity's unmeasured reach.*

*Oh Linotype, instinct with life,
What marvelous things hast thou begun;
Thy melting pot shall end the strife,
And fuse the nations into one,
Bind land to land, and sea to sea,
In one immortal destiny.*

*Oh Mergenthaler, honored name,
You builded wiser than you knew;
Undying as the stars your fame,
Among the men to mankind true;
Inspired of God in heart and soul,
Wast thou, to reach this crowning goal.*

Chanute, Kan.

J. M. CAVANESS



the absence of the boss in a manner that the boss had discovered was all wrong.



- Kansas Newspaper Week University of Kansas -
- 1916 -

SQUIRES
STUDIO '16



The Kansas Editor

*A Monthly Journal of Information and Entertainment
for the Kansas Newspaper Fraternity*

VOLUME 3

MAY, 1916

NUMBER 6

From the Secretary

WHILE the Secretary and other officers were much gratified at the increase in new members at the recent meeting, and the number who paid their dues; yet there were a number who attended the meeting and forgot to pay and get their receipt. You, my dear fellow editor, know whether you overlooked this important act or not, and if you did I hope you will not delay sending it in at once.

This is probably the last issue of the KANSAS EDITOR you will receive unless you are a paid-up member of the Association and I know you want it to continue. If you miss paying this year, you know it will cost you two plunks to get back in next year, and you will have missed the EDITOR besides, so you are the loser if you do not pay now while the paying is good. It is not right that two hundred and fifty should do the work and bear the burdens belonging to six hundred and fifty, and I know that you do not want to be one of the shirkers.

Next year at Topeka will be our twenty-fifth anniversary and big things will be on tap that none of us can afford to miss. The Central Advertising Bureau also promises to be of much benefit the coming year, and if you have not yet joined the Association, you are not doing your part, and you probably will not get your share. Get in the game and send in your \$2.00 if you have not joined. We need you and you need us even worse.

Fraternally yours,

O. W. LITTLE, *Secretary.*

Newspaper Week, 1916

THREE hundred eighteen editors, publishers, and printers gathered in Lawrence for Kansas Newspaper Week from May 2 to May 6. They came from all directions and distances, rubbed elbows and intellects for five days, and then went home to skin the office devil for having run things in the absence of the boss in a manner that the boss had discovered was all wrong.

Thus the boss passed on the more painful results of his awakening, started in with a clean slate, retained the services of the chastened devil on his promise never to run things so inefficiently again, and they all lived happily till the next illumination and its ensuing day of judgment.

In a superficial sense, "Efficiency" might be said to have been the watch-word of the big conference. An outsider, looking on, might have said with some appearance of justice, "Why yes, this bunch is here to find out how to make more money by using better business methods in cost-finding, advertising and circulation boosting. It's a fine thing, yes; but I'm an outsider—and except for the Chester Lord, Arthur Brisbane, Billy Sunday and Company end of it, I can't say that it interests me. It's just a commercial enterprise. These editorial fellows are figuring out how they can legitimately, legally, and with malice aforethought, skin the gentle reader and the gun-shy advertiser to the common advantage of themselves and the editor.

That's one way—a fairly plausible way—of interpreting *Newspaper Week*. But it presents only a part of the truth—and, so far as its import is concerned, it is, consequently, a complete lie. "Efficiency" is emphatically not the word that gives the root significance of that remarkable gathering whose units turned for a whole week from their little individual problems to think and feel and assess their work by a common standard with other men. The phrase that expresses it most truly is "Professional Spirit"—nothing less. It is true that some came to get what they could; but there was not one of them who did not discover, perhaps to his surprise, that if he had come to take, he had as certainly remained to give—and this, whether he had taken a personal part in the program of the week or not.

The modern sociologist has discovered that there is no such monster as an "individual consciousness" independent of and separate from the "social consciousness." There ain't no such animal—even if, like the farmer who made his famous comment on the hippopotamus at the circus, you think you are looking right at it. Other professions, such as the Law and Medicine, waked up to this fact a long time ago; but the newspaper profession is just beginning to do it. And it is one glory of the profession in Kansas that it demonstrated last month how unmistakably it is leading the way. The Kansas editor, like every other editor, had imagined himself as an isolated being surrounded by a lot of other isolated beings, and more or less insulated from their influence. Last month he woke up to the fact that no such monster existed; and that whether he knew it or not, his editorial personality was from the beginning a resultant of the pressure of all those other personalities of which he had thought himself independent. That is similar to the phenomenon that President Wilson describes on his recent essay "When a Man Comes to Himself". The newspaper profession of Kansas has come to itself.

Of course this does not mean that the process is complete; no living process is ever complete. It means that the thing has begun to grow, and that it is suddenly putting forth leaf and blossom, and will bear fruit. Events of the last four or five years have been a preparation for this; it has not been as speedy as it seemed. And yet, the defining, the coming to birth, in a single week, of a true professional spirit in even a section of this, the most powerful of all professions, is assuredly a dramatic,

perhaps an epic thing. Vague notions, almost of themselves, have crystallized into principles of action; possibilities, hazy even to the mind of the men with idealistic vision, have come into the foreground, sharply and incisively defined now to the sight of all. It may well thrill the men who had a part in this, that they should have been present at an event that will probably remain significant in the history of American journalism.

There was no mistaking the newly defined spirit of the men who took the train back home. It will bear fruit that should make the next Kansas Newspaper Week an advance indeed. The more you reflect on what it all means, the more the thing is going to grow in your mind, and the more it is going to thrill you to think that you are a part of what may be the biggest thing that is happening in Kansas today—biggest because fraught with greater possibilities for the education of that public opinion which, even though half educated at present, is making Kansas what it is—in making Kansas what someone has, with literal truth, defined as a state of mind. A state of mind; that's Kansas. What can most quickly and effectively produce a state of mind? The newspaper press—if its cause be righteous. And what will create such a press? A well-defined social consciousness, with singleness of high ideals and aims, and effectiveness of methods—in a word, a professional spirit. What is the very life of such a condition? Common counsel; human sympathy; and a time for common meditation, discussion, and thought on the deep meaning of it all. And that's what we had in Kansas Newspaper Week.

The discussions of the week were given a certain universality of interest by speeches from men of national prominence, known, not only to newspaper men but to the general public. Possibly the ultimate effect of these was no greater than were the discussions of a more restricted nature; but the stimulation that resulted from them was very marked. The function of such special features may possibly be that. They bring into strong relief factors in the situation that would otherwise go half defined. That is a natural result of centering on a single, representative spokesman the attention of many men who are at heart seeking the same thing.

From the point of sheer general interest, Billy Sunday, speaking out his message on editorial ethics in tones that doubtless, to use his "method", deafened all the devils in hell, including those who were on duty for the day in Robinson Gymnasium, was a figure of paramount interest. His name alone was enough to produce a feeling of intense expectancy, and he amply justified it.

Among the speakers of the week, none made a finer statement of necessary ideals along which the profession of journalism must develop if it is truly to come to its own, and exert to the full the power that lies within it, than did Chester Lord, formerly managing editor of the *New York Sun*. Not the least inspiring part of this notable address was the kindly and mellow personality of the man that made it. Mr. Lord's critical statement of the price that must be paid for good journalism was the more effective for its tolerance and its lack of destructive criticism. It was essentially a confession of faith from one whose philosophy of life is positive rather than negative.

Mr. Lord's subject was "Journalism As a Profession". He said in part:

"As a profession, journalism has taken subordinate rank chiefly because we have not studied. From four to eight years are required of the other great professions. An editor may be ignorant, careless of conduct, of unclean morals, if so his edition will surely reflect these imperfections—for the newspaper does not rise above its editor. It is easier to imitate than to originate, and the lazy way to make a newspaper is to steal some other fellow's ideas. The lazy editor better return the quill to the original goose.

"I feel keenly the necessity for laborious study when I contemplate my own experience. Unfortunately I did not finish my college course, but went into a daily newspaper office in a small city as associate editor. Three of us furnished all the copy. At the mature age of twenty years I wrote editorial articles on the conduct of the Franco-Prussian War, reproved Bismarck for diplomatic inefficiency, and advised the crowned heads as to terms of peace. It was the period of reconstruction following our Civil War, and I cheerfully and confidently instructed Congress and the president just how to accomplish it. Not by any exaltation of the intellect can you imagine the consternation with which I now read those articles. They were an outrageous imposition on the public, and I may say in truth it was recognition of their worthlessness that gave me my first serious thoughts about the newspaper business. I began to appreciate my ignorance and to understand that my only salvation was in study.

"Mr. Dana's editorial career furnishes a striking verification of the truth I am trying to impress, that constant study leads to success. He was in college a few months only—yet he studied constantly. He knew more facts than any person I ever met. He read a dozen languages and conversed easily in half of them. He had the office upset one afternoon in search for the correct spelling of the name of an uncommon plant. He wasted not an instant. If he had to wait seven minutes for a proofsheets he utilized the seven minutes in reading the Greek testament. Never was a question of fact raised but he joined in the search for the truth about it in the most enthusiastic manner. His zeal and his interest were a source of tremendous inspiration to the entire staff. Horace Greeley also made himself great by application and by study.

"And may I suggest that you study the presentation of truth; and by truth I do not mean the reverse of falsehood, for surely such admonition is needless to any editor in Kansas—but the presentation of information with a clearness and a fairness that will insure its understanding. This is difficult for it involves not only a study of obscure truth with all its contradictory testimony as to fact and its perplexities of conclusion, but also how to so present it that the reader will understand it with the same clearness and the same conclusion as yourself after you have studied it. The ability to do this constitutes high editorial art. Easy to read and easy to understand should be a fundamental quality of the newspaper.

"Recognizing, therefore, the difficulties of obtaining exact information, the editor should study to test for the truth. To men long accustomed to the handling of news for publication it becomes a sort of habit to question every statement of fact made in news copy; and repeatedly news is withheld for verification. The public does not understand the painstaking care with which news is presented by well-regulated newspapers. Nor are the difficulties or the conditions under which newspapers are made, at all appreciated by the people who read.

"The editor should seek the confidence of his readers, and this may be best secured, perhaps, through reputation for scholarship, through accuracy of statement, through the maintainance of high ideals. Let it be said that he knows what he is talking about; and let him have confidence in himself. I well remember when I was stammering and faltering over my first original oration that my dear good professor of blessed memory interrupted by saying: "Lord, the assumption is that a speaker knows more about his subject than does his audience. You should assume enough superiority to carry out the illusion—stand up and speak out." Bless his sainted heart! He never knew what a lesson in self-confidence he thus taught—not with reference to oratory, but as to almost every important action in my life. Self confidence and facility of expression come through study and practice. It is said of President Woodrow Wilson that appreciating its very great usefulness he early in life became ambitious to excell in extemporaneous speaking. Hour after hour he practiced it. Alone in his room he carried on imaginary debates; on his walks he muttered invocations to invisible audiences; in the woods he out did William Tell in addressing the crags

and peaks. Today, he is perhaps the most polished and entertaining speaker we have in public life. He obtained this result by the expenditure of extraordinary effort.

The Rev. "Billy" Sunday came over from Kansas City, where he was conducting a revival and spoke to editors and students in the Gymnasium.

"I'm not going to preach to you," he said, "so just disburden your mind now about that if you are worrying about it."

"I am always at home with the newspaper men, because I have mixed with them ever since I have played baseball. I think the greatest single agency for good in the world is the newspaper. I think I know newspaper men. I have had them with me continually for fifteen years. They camp on my trail. They watch me when I eat, they watch me when I sleep. They talk about the kind of clothes I wear, and about the color of my neckties. They talk about whether I like my beef-steak rare or well done.

"And I like them. I have never been afraid to trust a newspaper man. It is true that sometimes a newspaper is positively opposed to my work in fighting the rotten whiskey bunch; but since I gave my heart to Jesus Christ, I have asked no quarter. And what's more, I expect to fight until hell freezes over, and then I'll buy a pair of skates and tackle them on the ice. And I can testify that when an editor has it in for anyone, he can beat him up, hang his hide on the barn door, and salt it down while the other fellow is spitting on his knife blade and getting ready for the operation. I could hardly carry on a campaign without the newspapers, and they are the most important factor for good in any community that I know of.

"Of course there is such a thing as a subsidized editor, as a press appealing to the gutter snipes to the riff-raff of society; but all people are able to discriminate between that type of newspaper with that type of an editor, and the paper with high, lofty ideals.

"I know a lot about the newspaper. I know the difference between a three em type and a card of the same dimensions. And I know a lot about the high calling and the responsibilities that lie within the grasp and reach of the editor. I know what a force he can be. I know what a force the editors of Kansas, since the early settlement days, have been in building up the West, and the editor with his shirt tail full of type was no less a factor in building up the community than the sky pilot.

"Oh, how fortunate it was for Kansas that her first newspaper men were men with high ideals. Not only that, but the newspapers of Kansas have made it the best advertised state in the Union. Whenever President Wilson wants to know what the West thinks about his preparedness propaganda, he hikes out and puts his thumb on the pulse of the Kansas papers. Roosevelt always comes to Kansas to touch off the pyrotechnics—or to the front door of Kansas, which is Kansas City.

"You have made ignorance slink away like a wolf in a lion's den and hide itself. You are right up to the minute, and I think it is because you have so many good newspapers. There are more newspapers read in Kansas in proportion to its population than in any other state in the Union. Kansas, with one-half the population of Massachusetts, has 163 more newspapers than that state.

"And Kansas honors her newspaper men. She ought to, for my friend Governor Capper is a good example, and he is thirty-six inches to the yard, all wool, true blue and one hundred cents to the dollar.

"Oh, what a debt, my friends, we owe to the old editors of the old days. It is true that they had to take their subscriptions, sometimes, in buffalo hides and crops, but they stood up for their principles. Those old war horses are all gone now, but their souls like John Brown's body, go marching on. And continuing in the spirit of those old editors, the editors of today have brought prosperity to the state. They have made a success of prohibition, and if I loved Kansas for nothing else, I would love her for that.

"I am told that there is not a newspaper in the state that will run a whiskey or beer advertisement. One by one the great newspapers of the country are cutting out the whiskey ads.

"I think the newspaper is one of the greatest moral forces in the world. Whenever an individual

wants to fight for decency, he depends upon the newspapers to back him up and fight for his principles.

"The newspaper can clean up any community on God's dirt. It can force a mayor to do his duty; it can force the saloons to close and keep closed; and it can forbid the use of that dirty, rotten liquor that makes hogs of men. It can compel decency. I do not believe there is a single evil that can withstand an honest, well sustained, righteous attack of an honest newspaper. It is more potent than the forty-two centimeters of the Germans, or the 75's of the French.

"Any business that depends upon vice to succeed, the sooner that business is in hell, the better. Some editors are mere pawns on the chess-board of the dirty, low-down, rotten, swill-gutted whiskey bunch.

"Ever since it was instituted, as a general thing the newspaper has proven itself the friend of liberty; but wherever it has become the plaything of a dirty, rotten bunch, and has become influenced by greed and crime, it is a menace to any community. I think you might as well try to sink a battleship with a shotgun, expect money to speak and bear children, or try to dam Niagara Falls with toothpicks, as to overthrow an honest newspaper. It is the most potent force for righteousness that I know of next to the pulpit—and God knows it has some pulpits beat a block, judging from some I have bumped up against. If every newspaper in the country was repressed tomorrow, crime would increase one hundred per cent in twenty-four hours."

Arthur Brisbane, editor of the *New York Journal* gave a characteristic address that made its way to the bulls-eye with the same remarkable directness as do his editorials. His central idea was that journalism is the profession whose function it is to make people think. It is the profession which stimulates all people to intellectual effort, whether they be intellectual, mediocre or illiterate.

"The police force, the real police force of this country," he said in part, "is the country newspaper editor such as we have represented here today. As for you young men and women in the department of journalism here at the University of Kansas, the country field is your opportunity. The city is not the place for graduates from our schools of journalism.

"I hope that you boys and girls now starting out will go to the country, and I do not say this because country editors are gathered here.

"To make people think is the greatest thing in journalism. That is the editor's mission—to make people think, and he has a mouthpiece which is capable of doing the most good, the country press.

"An inch of space in the country paper is worth more in many cases to the advertiser than an inch in the *New York Journal*. The advertiser can reach all the population of the country only by.. talking to them through the one man whom they all know, the country publisher."

One memorable feature of the convention was a paper by Richard H. Waldo, business manager of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Waldo's subject was "Guaran-

built—the lift and pull of the printed word. Only the publisher who is not a business man can fail to see the vital interest of every newspaper office in the harnessing. That it will be done is certain, and participation in the inevitable is wiser than protest against its effects.

"Confidence is the commodity in which publishers deal. Credulity may be exploited, but confidence can be gathered and sold in the market place. Therefore it concerns every editor whose working revenue must come in any considerable measure from the sale of his readers' confidence, to work as he may toward the increase of his crop. It is a poor farmer who lets the weeds grow unchecked among his corn.

"If a publisher has the active confidence of his public, all else shall be added unto him. Circulation, advertising, prestige, power—all these spring from the root of confidence. A man may even become Governor of Kansas if he can sell confidence to enough of the electorate!

"The late John Hill set an example, through the *Hill Engineering Weeklies*, that newspaper men have been slow to follow. He edited his papers with the avowed purpose of making the editorial and news matter so pertinent to the interests of his readers that advertisers would seek the privilege of paralleling his dependable general information with equally reliable specific facts of their own. His great success is a matter of record, and the technical press in other fields bears witness, month after month, to the golden soundness of his theory. Yet it is little understood in the newspaper field, which creates a beautiful opportunity for the newspapers of Kansas.

"Local advertising can be developed most readily by the wise stimulation of interest in the things which local merchants can feature in their advertising. Good store service—tales from in town and out—makes "copy" for the editor with a seeing eye. The abuse of the exchange privilege contains many a story, if a man can get the facts. Food values are usually of greatest interest to a community at about the time an editor grows weary of discussing them. Household equipment bristles with facts that are intensely interesting to women with homes to run.

"Let a paper become known as the source of dependable information of any of these or various other lines, and corresponding advertising will come almost of itself to the paper's columns. Yet the average editor will serenely pass up all such opportunities and give columns to clipped stuff that could not hold a reader's eye for more than an idle minute—matter that means absolutely nothing to anybody. Try the experiment of printing news about things—it can be made just as live as news about people—in space now given to fillers, and see what happens to your advertising revenue.

"The magazines have utilized the idea for years. They have let the newspapers hold the bag of news-about-people while they have quietly gathered the crop that grows from news-about-things. Consider the greatest business carrying paper in the world—the *Saturday Evening Post*—and no further urging will be needed.

"George Hough Perry, as Director of your Bureau, can give invaluable aid. He will show you how to get the news out of whole classes of goods, automobiles, clothing, watches, foods—news stories that will build circulation and draw advertising as a melon patch draws boys. Six months of editorial work along these lines—six months of utilizing practically waste space for the presentation of stories about things, methods, services by Kansas newspapers will stimulate local business largely, and also draw to the state papers a royal share of national advertising.

"At the present time, an appropriation of \$1,000,000 is seeking investment in small town newspapers of the United States. It may go back to the magazines because of the difficulty in finding papers which have consistently interested their readers in the class of goods which will be advertised.

"Any copy of one of the great national publications contain countless suggestions for developing editorial policies which increase advertising revenue. Follow their lead, pick the news that touches the largest fields of advertising and watch the crop come up.

"Not that you should proceed with the idea of putting the magazine out of business. That will never happen—magazines fill a need that is quite apart from the newspapers' scope.

"The primary basis of comprehension must be an agreement on a common standard of respon-

sibility—because theirs is the higher, that of the magazine must prevail. Until that fact is accepted, newspapers will continue to grope in the dark for a share in appropriations which are now beyond their reach. But frequently it will pay the publisher to encourage local advertisers to feature the nationally advertised goods which are carried in stock. Marked copies of papers showing such advertisements are the best silent solicitors that can be sent out.

Another man who had a good deal to say about that Central Bureau was Carl Hunt, editor of *Associated Advertising*. He said in part:

"The success of the Central Advertising Bureau, which I predict will make a mighty and important chapter in the history of advertising, depends quite as much upon the business men of your respective cities and towns, as it does upon you.

"How about your local merchants? The general advertiser, whose copy you want in your newspaper, wants more, merely, than a good advertising medium. He does want a good medium but he wants more.

"He wants a responsive public—a public that believes in advertised goods and that believes in advertising.

"He also wants a responsive merchant — a merchant who is reaching out after new trade, combating mail order advertisers and showing other signs of life.

"The best way for a publisher to start an advertising club, experience has shown, is to remain a little in the background at first. His paper can encourage the idea and the headquarters office of the Associated Advertising Clubs will mail literature, letters, etc., to help.

"First, the publisher should broach the matter to a few leading men—and the busier a man is, the better for this sort of thing. The publisher, having studied the literature on the subject himself, can point out the advantages of the organization.

"Then a little meeting should be held, with half a dozen leaders present—these half a dozen men already committed definitely to the idea. This would be for the purpose of planning a general meeting. A list of people who ought to be in such a movement would be made up. This list would be supplied to the Indianapolis office and the news of the proposed club would then break into the columns of your newspaper. From Indianapolis we will circularize your prospects, paving the way for your organization meeting.

"It has been found best to have this first meeting all cut and dried, if possible — as we do political conventions over in Indiana. A constitution, after the little model that our association has adopted, can be written and ready. The organization can be perfected and a definite meeting thus arranged. Committees can be named to outline some plans for work, to be reported at the next meeting."

"Testing the Beatitudes was the significant title of the address delivered by James Schermerhorn, publisher of the *Detroit Times*. He said it was an effort to discuss his own efforts in endeavoring to make a success of a metropolitan paper conducted along Sunday school lines.

"A temperance leader," he said, "told me we were bringing in the Kingdom of Heaven by excluding liquor advertisements and that if we ever decided to get out a morning paper we could count on him as a subscriber. He found it more convenient to read a morning paper. A cheery clergyman stopped me to say that he had nothing but praise for our attitude. As I saw a copy of each of our esteemed contemporaries sticking out of his pocket, I knew he meant what he said.

"But the Beatitudes are doing better. Perhaps we shall not require an entire twenty years to prove that a newspaper can remain both ethical and animate. If our testing of the Beatitudes eventuates into a single business achievement it will do much to bring in the day when the American press shall be as unsullied as it is free. If the kingdom of heaven is within us why not within the teeming pages of the daily press where nearly everything else is?"

E. F. Birmingham, editor of the *Fourth Estate*, struck a blow for an increase in advertising rates commensurate with increase in cost and circulation.

He said in part:

"The newspapers always have been, and I think always will be, the most important factors in the building up of any community, and in the fostering of a public enterprise.

"One factor, however, that we must face squarely, is that daily newspapers have for years past gone on giving to the advertisers increases in their circulation without any commensurate increase in advertising rates. If this is not changed there will soon be no newspapers with which to serve the public.

"The editor of a good newspaper is one of the most important factors in the success of any community but that the co-operation of the community is as vitally necessary to the editor as is that of the editor to the community.

"There must be a radical change in the source from which a newspaper's revenue is obtained. Advertising must be secured from a larger number of merchants so that combinations will be possible.

"The moral which I wish to point is that a newspaper publisher cannot do much in the line of real conscientious community building today as he could if he were not so dependent upon mass advertising. If he wishes to criticise a policy which he believes demands criticism, he is immediately confronted with the fact that a few powerful interests control the bulk of his sources of income. Eliminate the horrible strain which is on the mind of every publisher today over the increase in the cost of paper and everything that goes into the production of a newspaper and he will be able to give more profitable attention to the responsibility as a community builder, which his position as head of a newspaper entails upon him."

Mr. Frank LeRoy Blanchard, editor of the *Editor and Publisher*, talked on "What the Other Fellow is Doing."

Mr. Blanchard said in part:

"Every newspaper is a factory product which can be turned out economically or not according to the efficiency of the mechanical plant of the men who operate it. The linotype, the monotype, the web perfecting press and the stereotype process are among the new inventions which have reduced waste and increased production the mechanical and circulation departments of the newspaper. The invention of the telephone, the telegraph and wireless telegraphy has given the editorial department an extension of its energies undreamed of in the days of Horace Greeley.

"In order to produce a newspaper economically the publisher must know himself or command the services of others who know how to edit the paper, how to put the copy into type, and how to print and distribute the product. Knowledge is obtained through reading, through observation, and through personal experience. There is one medium through which he can adequately obtain this knowledge, and many other kinds of information concerning his business in which he is engaged, and that is in the trade journal.

"The trade journal, which is a distinctly modern institution about seventy years of age, had its origin in the premise that every business or profession should have a publication of its own—one that would protect its interests, fight its battles when need be, furnish the news of the field, and make suggestions of value.

"Perhaps the most important service rendered by the trade press is its maintenance of the highest ideals of the profession. A second great service is the work it is doing in developing among the newspaper men of the country a unity of spirit and effort, and a proper appreciation of the value of co-operation among themselves.

"While the several trade publications are not all that we hope they will be in the future, they represent our conscientious and best efforts, and if they help you in any way to publish better newspapers, we shall feel well rewarded for our work."

Such selections from the various speeches as have been given are representative of much more that would be equally worth quoting from if space permitted.

Among the able and suggestive talks was one from H. P. Bullen, director of the efficiency bureau of the American Type Founders' Company. It was efficiency right from Efficiencyville, and it woke everybody up to the size of the printing problem. The cost of producing printing was discussed with equal clarity by E. K. Whiting manager of the *Owatonna Journal Chronical*, Owatonna, Minnesota; by Joseph A. Borden, the Typothetae specialist; and by Charles H. Browne, who is said to know as much about practical cost methods as any one and a half men in Kansas. E. P. Mickel, secretary of the Nashville Printer's Club, talked on how to sell printing. Mr. Mickel used to hover in and about Kansas and Nebraska years ago, and he talked the language of the natives with great fluency.

N. S. Huse, editor of the *Norfolk News* told all about training for long distance jumps in circulation—the kind that are twenty long, ten high and fifteen broad. Most men do their jumping in two dimensions, but Mr. Huse does his in three.

They know a lot about the newspaper game in Iowa—that was evident as soon as G. L. Caswell got to talking about the way they do things in Iowa. Mr. Courtland Smith, president of the *American Press Association*, talked on the problems of the small publisher. Discussions of the advertisers' problems were made by Marco Morrow, advertising director of the Capper publications; by George Hough Perry, director of the Kansas Newspaper Bureau; and by Hugh McVey, advertising counsellor for *Successful Farming*. Marvin H. Creager pointed out some of the reasons why country editors do not find it easy to line up with city newspapers, and described in detail the qualities that determine the value of news from the point of view of the telegraph desk.

Since the first address was the address of welcome by the president of the Missouri Valley Cost Congress, that takes a final and corresponding emphatic mention. H. W. Walkenhorst struck a note in his address that kept sounding again throughout the conference.

Space forbids more than barest mention of the occasions when the visitors had a chance to get together on the side. The social event that wound things up in such a way as to leave, so to speak, a good taste in the mouth, was a banquet on the night of May 5 by courtesy of the merchants of Lawrence.

The week ended on Saturday, May 6, with the election of officers for the following year. It resulted as follows:

President, W. C. Markham, *Baldwin Ledger*; vice-president, Herbert Cavaness, *Tribune*, Chanute; corresponding secretary, O. W. Little, *Enterprise*, Alma; recording secretary, J. Byron Cain, *News*, Belle Plains; treasurer, Clark Conklin, *Republican*, Lyons. Vice presidents of the Association were elected as follows: first district, B. L. Mickel, *Clipper*, Soldier; second district, John C. Madden, *Republic*, Mound City; third district, J. S. Gilmore, *Citizen*, Fredonia; fourth district, Toni Flory, *Light*, Gridley; fifth district, Roy Bailey, *Journal*, Salina; sixth district, W. A. Hill, *Times*, Plainville; seventh district, R. P. McCulloch, *Bulletin*, Anthony; eighth district, O. W. Weaver, *Pantagraph*, Sedgwick. The editors endorsed J. Byron Cain for treasurer of the National Editorial Association.

Concerning Whiskers and Other Vanities

But speaking of whiskers and such like vain and worldly adornments, one Walt Mason recently stopped writing verse long enough to say that they were nothing but cheap advertising. He directs his attack this way:

"Binswanger is always trying experiments with his whiskers," observed the retired merchant. "He has them arranged in new designs every week or two. For a while he wore sideboards, and then had them expunged and grew a bunch of hangdowns. Then he tried a full beard, and later a mustache, and now he's going around with a goatee."

"We all want to attract attention, and get our names in the newspapers," said the hotel-keeper, "and if we can't do it by legitimate means, we'll try out any old scheme that promises to bring results.

"A man wants to feel that people are thinking and talking about him, and that he is cutting some grass, and so he'll resort to desperate measures, rather than drop out altogether.

"Old Quackenbush used to come in here every morning and tell an entranced audience about his sufferings from rheumatism. He had his foot wrapped up in rags until it was the size of a tourist trunk, and when he had to move he limped and groaned in a way that would rend your heart. People listened to him because they were sorry for a man with such a burden of anguish, and the old man enjoyed telling his tale of grief more than a child enjoys crackerjack.

"One day I happened to be passing his house when he was having a debate with his wife. She seemed incensed because she had to do all the chores around the place, and she turned to me and said, 'This old fraud hasn't had a touch of rheumatism in six months, yet he uses all the bed clothes on the place to wrap his foot in, and sits around hotels and livery stables, telling about his agonies.'

"Since that exposure Quackenbush has been using both feet, but he never comes around here any more, and he looks like a man whose spirit is broken. Why did he boast of his rheumatism when he hasn't a symptom of the disease? Because that graft would get him an audience, and he could attract a little attention.

"There are many forms of grandstand playing. Tulliver, the lawyer, believes in free advertising, and for several years he has carried out a plan that makes him a household word. Every time he goes down the street people drop whatever business they are engaged in, and turn to look after him. From his neck down to the ground Tulliver is the glass of fashion and the mold of form. He buys the finest raiment the dealers sell. His shoes are always manicured, and his collar is fresh from the laundry, and his tie is a work of art.

"But on his head he wears the most disreputable old hat that ever escaped the garbage wagon. No self-respecting man would consent to be found dead in an alley with such a hat on his head.

"This combination of a fierce old hat with a bridegroom's suit is one that requires some courage to carry out, but it seems to pay. Tulliver has all kinds of practice, and there's no doubt that most of his new clients go to him to find out why he wears that hat.

"There's a stranger in town just now, carrying a tin umbrella. Everybody is wondering who he is, and why he carries such an umbrella. When the public curiosity is sufficiently worked up, the stranger probably will confess that he's selling a hair restorer, which is the most refreshing beverage ever offered for a dollar a bottle.

"There's nothing like a little well-directed grandstand playing. It makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise."

WHY OUR MUSTACHE WAS CUT OFF

Even the cussed set of moustachios may be immortalized by the Power of the Press. E. E. Kelley, of the *Toronto Republican*, for instance, has given his a parting shove that ought to send them echoing down the padded halls and corridors of time. We can form only a vague guess of what he'd have said if they had been whiskers! But to our beer and skittles!

"It is with infinite pleasure and passionate pain," begins Brother Kelley, "that we make official statement this week that we have cut off our moustache.

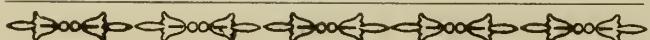
"We have long held that there should be a law against whiskers. Whiskers are usually more or less smeared with gravy and molasses and soft-boiled egg and tobacco juice, and are not pretty to look at. There was never a handsome set of whiskers. The nearest approach to it was on the face of Moses, in the old family Bible, and Moses probably wore whiskers because he had warts on his face and a chin that could not be distinguished from his Adam's apple.

* * *

"We grow old; and the more we thought of the time when we shall make the journey to the far country from which no traveler returns, the more distasteful grew the thought of the only Picture of Memory we were leaving to our two youngest born—a grizzly-gray toothbrush sticking up from the surface of a corrugated map of Ireland—and a great longing came over us to show them the unadorned and classic contour of features that, a generation ago, had proven irresistibly attractive, not to say fascinating, to their mother. With this laudable purpose in view we had our well known tonsorial artist, Walt Dawson, perform the deed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we thank you."

Whereupon Brother Kelley removes his top-piece, salaams, and leaves the stage with an unburdened heart. Now will some kind gentleman in the audience utter a fond farewell to his much behoned razor? If this keeps up we shall presently arrive at the truth.



The Kansas Editor

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MERLE THORPE, Editor
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Associate Editors

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Sent free to Kansas editors, to others \$2 a year.

THE KANSAS EDITOR welcomes contributions of articles and items of direct interest to the Kansas newspaper field.

From the Press of the
Department of Journalism
University of Kansas

Henry Allen, graduate of Baker, editor, orator and Billy Sunday convert, humbly confesses he used to write poetry.

Charles F. Scott possesses this rare distinction: he knows how to do many things that he never attempts; with most others the rule is reversed.

Private correspondence between Ol Little and Bill Payton:

Alma, Kansas, May 13, 1916.

Dear Bill:

What in the heck was the matter with you? We kept looking for you until Saturday night, and then voted the editorial meeting a fizzle. What made you spoil everything by your absence? Why eat pie with a knife when there is no one to see you?

O. W. L.

Colony, Kansas, May 15, 1916.

Dear Ol:

Don't speak of pie to a Bull Mooser. I bought a phonograph on installments and had to go to work on the *Iola Register* to pay for it. Sorry there was no one present to stay in on a pair of treys. I'll use the knife next year.

W. E. P.

A Kansas editor puts it this way: the man who has good sense uses it.

"Have you any original knowledge or are you just echoing?" enquires that fine old critic, John MacDonald of the *Western School Journal*. It's mostly echo, no doubt. Even the first page of the *Western*

School Journal is not famous for "original knowledge". But the new slant John MacDonald's clever pen gives to many an old topic, makes very entertaining and delightful reading.

Peace in the Mankato newspaper field seems about as marvelous as would be peace among European nations; but it has arrived. Now watch it stay.

No Kansas editor can fairly claim to print an interesting paper until the women along the rural routes shut off their washing machines or push their irons back on the stove the minute that paper drops into the box; and till the girls let their biscuits burn whenever they get a chance at it. This is the Kansas standard that no paper with "nothing in it" can ever hope to reach.

When Lem A. Woods of the *Chanute Tribune* was in Lawrence taking in the editorial conference, he had the opportunity of meeting for the first time in many years his old friend E. P. Mickle of Nashville, Tennessee, who was one of the speakers on the program.

Next year will be the silver anniversary of the Kansas State Editorial Association; and in addition to granting the privilege of paying dues in silver, President W. C. Markham is planning a silver jubilee, with new and novel features.

Paul C. Rankin, who recently sold the *Downs Times* to Ransom and Mann, publishers of the *Downs News*, is now in the state printing plant at Topeka. This is the second time Rankin has been with W. R. Smith, state printer, as he wore off the rough edges with Smith as the grind stone at Fort Scott, when, to mix the metaphor, he was testing the newspaper ice.

There's always been a good deal of hemming and hawing among us about the question of rates to be charged for legal printing. Should they be higher than commercial rates? Are the legal rates too high? C. W. Ryan of the *Wathena Times*, stands up to the question this way: "Barring the possible question of political manipulation," he says, "the rates are not too high; and it is proper that legal printing should be paid for at more than ordinary commercial rates. The rates, however, should be definitely fixed, so that there may be an end to the bargain hunting, the dickering, and the cut-throat competition that is now too common. County printing has no business in politics. It should be divided up fairly among the leading papers. An equitable division of this kind would give wider publicity, and would make the service well worth a price above the ordinary commercial rate."

E. D. George has sold the *Jewell County Monitor* to Irvin Hogue.

They do say that the only bachelor editor left in Nemeha county, is slated to hit the sawdust trail for the hymeneal altar somewhere in the good old summer time.

W. F. Turrentine, editor of the *Wetmore Spectator* is also mayor of his city, a result of the recent election. A clean Wetmore is the first pronouncement of the new mayor, and Wetmore is now cleaning house. Tin cans, broken bottles, rusty bed-springs, and the like will henceforth be conspicuous by their absence in the highways and byways of Wetmore.

AN APPEAL TO REASON!

Emanuel Julius, who writes bright red editorials for the *Appeal to Reason*, the Socialist paper at Girard, is not so much opposed to capital as he would give his readers to understand. Mr. Julius is engaged to marry Miss Anna Marcet Haldeman, vice-president of a bank at Girard and secretary of the Kansas State Bankers Association. Miss Haldeman is a niece of Miss Jane Addams. She is a strong Republican and takes an active interest in politics. Mr. Julius came to the *Appeal* last summer from New York where he was with the *New York Call* as Sunday editor.

DOWN IN FRONT!

The recent Republican convention of the Third District—held at Independence, resembled an editorial gathering. Mrs. Tom E. Thompson of the *Howard Courant* was elected secretary. Don E. Wells of the *Erie Record* was assistant secretary. F. W. Brinkerhoff of the *Pittsburg Headlight* was chairman. Herbert Cavaness of the *Chanute Tribune* was chairman of the resolutions committee. Tom E. Thompson was at the head of the Elk County delegation. Seth G. Wells was active on the floor. Colonel Clarence Douglas of Arkansas City, formerly a vigorous and influential Oklahoma editor, placed one of the candidates for delegate to the Chicago convention in nomination. Several other newspaper men were delegates.

WE WILL NOW SING—

This ought to be meat and drink for the enemies of Jay E. House, Mayor of Topeka, and writer of pungent paragraphs for the *Topeka Capital*. House sings. Moreover he has a tenor voice when he lets it out; and he likes sentimental songs, although he has hid it from the world these forty or more years. Probably this sentimental underecurrent with its consequent understanding of human nature accounts for the barbs the Topeka writer puts in his stuff when he takes a notion.

MR. JONES, SHAKE HANDS WITH MR. SMITH!

Undoubtedly the most popular suggestion made at the last meeting of the Kansas Editorial Association came from Will Beck, of Holton. He advised the members to get acquainted with one another. Generally

members wait for the formality of an introduction, and in consequence half of them never meet the other half. Next year this objection should be removed with an "Introductory Party" or something of that sort, where members could be passed around until everyone knew everybody.

MR. SMITH, SHAKE HANDS WITH MR. JONES!

Will T. Beck proposed at the business session of the late K. E. A. meeting that hereafter a fifteen minute period be set aside in which all the Kansas editors should be given an opportunity to get acquainted with one another—when the bars of formality should be let down and a general Methodist handshaking ensue. Beck said the suggestion met with such responsive approval that several old timers with whom he had "sat in" at the meetings for many years and never spoken to, came up and shook hands and friendly relations were at once established. Personal acquaintance is one of the essentials of a successful meeting.

SHE PICKED A KANSAS EDITOR

F. W. Parrott, editor of the *Dispatch-Republican* of Daily, didn't get to the big conference. He had a good excuse however, as is shown in this passage from a letter dated May 2:

"I had intended to be there and attend the meetings of which you had notified me, but the arrival of a little daughter, our first, I fear will keep me at home this week."

Now along about 1935 the young woman will probably be winning a prize for writing an essay on the following subject: "If I had It to Do Over Again, Would I Choose a Kansas Editor for a Dad?"

NOW WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT THAT?

When the executive committeemen were being selected for the Kansas Editorial Association at Lawrence recently, Will T. Beck announced, "Ewing Herbert's nephews have agreed that Ben L. Mickel shall be the committeeman from the First District; and as they are in the majority, no further caucusing is necessary."

TICK, TOCK! TICK, TOCK!

One Kansas editor's wife is opposed to the plan of setting the clock an hour ahead and adding another hour of daylight. She says it will simply mean that her husband will work an extra hour and he is getting in too many hours now. Besides it would cut off an hour of undisturbed rest in the morning that even the telephone cannot now break.

BUT IT'S NOT A SAWDUST TRAIL

Leslie Wallace, one time editor of the Sunday edition of the *Kansas City Star*, who has recently acquired complete ownership of the *Larned Tiller and Toiler*, has been elected Secretary of the Automobile Tourists, who

THE KANSAS EDITOR

will soon make a trip from western Kansas over the Santa Fe trail to Kansas City. All editors who own anything from a Jitney to a Locomobile are supposed to join the trail behind the secretary and his Dodge Six.

CHARLEY BROWN'S POLITICAL POT

Charley Brown's "political pot" must be a jack-pot, judging by the following political item from his paper, bearing the head, "The Political Pot":

"All political announcements in *The Headlight-Commercial* will be billed at \$5 each, cash in advance, and will be run at this price from date of insertion up until the primary election. All reading matter printed in behalf of any candidate will be charged at the regular local rate—10 cents a line—and all display advertising will be charged at the regular rate—25 cents an inch. Bills payable the first of each month."

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL

An Atchison reporter's wife wrote an excellent reply to the question, "If I had it to do over again, would I marry a Kansas editor?", for which the State Editorial Association offered a prize of \$25. Here it is: "No, I'd marry the linotype operator."

WHERE THERE ARE 36 HOURS IN A DAY

Before he went into the newspaper business, Hank Calnan, editor of the *Troy Chief*, used to be a locomotive engineer, and if the fight for an eight hour day, and time and a half for overtime, is won, he may try to get back. The rule in the newspaper business is sixteen hours and no overtime.

ED. HOWE—HE DONE IT!

When E. W. Howe wishes anything on the dear public, he pays the bill. He has brought the finest bands in the world to Atchison for concerts which were free to the public. He has lectured in every school house in this section of the country, and not only made no charge to the local committee, but paid his own expenses. Now he is carrying his pay-your-way campaign to good roads. The road to his Potato Hill farm south of Atchison doesn't suit him, and he will macadamize it for a distance of over a mile at his own expense. Eventually, it is to become a part of a fine cliff drive overlooking the Missouri river, which, just below Atchison, is as picturesque as the Hudson.

"—AND THEN THERE WAS ONE"

One of the two handsome young bachelor editors of the Neosho valley is preparing to take the matrimonial plunge in June. Herbert Cavaness will then be left all alone in the valley.

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD!

It is understood that Arthur Brisbane, the Hearst editor who was kidded by Frank Jarrell in Lawrence *Newspaper Week*, has had a representative in Atchison

looking up the latter's journalistic record, with a view of getting even. As a result of the investigation, it is said that the *New York Journal* will shortly run a facsimile of the *Atchison Topics*, printed by Frank Jarrell for one consecutive issue in 1891. This issue Mr. Jarrell regards so lightly that he has carefully concealed what he supposed was an only copy, from his son, Sanford, who has taken up the newspaper game. It's a cruel way of getting even, but the New York papers stop at nothing.

COME ON IN! THE WATER'S FINE!

The *Iola Daily Register* announces an advance in its advertising rates. The new rate card goes into effect June 1, and the new figure is twenty cents an inch. The *Register* does not expect its regular patrons to spend any more money for advertising under the new rate, but it does expect to save several dollars a week on the print paper bill. A merchant paying twenty cents an inch for his advertising is going to economize in space and give more thought to his copy, thus making it possible to print fewer pages, and making the advertising space that is used give a better account of itself. The merchants have taken to the new order of things very kindly and not one word of complaint has been heard by the management of the *Register*. The *Register's* old rate was fifteen cents an inch.

Now Boys! Boys!

Lou Slocum of the *Corning Gazette*, had a fire which wiped him out completely three months ago, with no insurance. But no sooner had his jinx pinned Brother Slocum's shoulder blades to the ground than our unexpected Brother Slocum turned a flip-flop, bought a new plant, started out in a clean new building, and is doing business at the new stand better than he did at the old. Centrallia and Corning, neighboring towns who might be expected to be jealous of one another, live in the proper spirit of brotherly love. They even share electric currents. But—and here's where truth and fiction refuse to shake hands—H. L. Wait of the *Centrallia Journal*, printed Lou Slocum's *Gazette* as long as the *Gazette* couldn't print itself. This is a very irregular proceeding—a gross violation of tradition. It should be investigated.

WHEN SEEING IS HEARING

Herb Cavaness, recently elected vice-president of the Kansas Editorial Association, and in the order of things scheduled for president next year, has one weakness. Although he has managed to evade the women for these many years, he is putty in the hands of the neckwear salesman. Visitors to Chanute where he Herbinates in his native lair, say that the editor of the *Tribune* has a tie rack which resembles Joseph's noted coat, and that when he goes away on a trip he uses all the space in his grip for storing new ones.

"SHOWING THEM" IN ST. MARYS

The *St. Marys Star* has struck a blow for its advertisers; and is making an effort to educate the community on the question what not to buy of outsiders and mail order houses. It makes a pleasing and convincing variation of the old and ineffective slogan, "patronize home industry". No sensible man will patronize home industry just because its at home. He has to be shown that he gains nothing by going outside. That is apparently what the *St. Marys Star* is trying to do. Here is a specimen of the kind of arguments advanced:

"The St. Marys merchants are not only talking prices but buying sense. And every advertiser in the *Star* backs every statement with all he is worth. Clip out the ads of outside stores and take them in to your home merchants, and they will have no trouble convincing you that they can beat outside prices on any lines carried in St. Marys.

"We are often talked into bargains when there is no merit in the offer. People pay to outside dealers even more than they are required to pay at home because they don't understand the principle of quantity and cash buying.

Read every special advertisement in this issue and talk to our merchants about your buying problems, you will find they will readily grant the necessity of going elsewhere for lines not carried here in selection. The Topeka man goes to Chicago in similar cases, the Chicago man to New York, the New Yorker to Paris. But no sensible man will buy an article one hundred miles away that he can buy in his home town at a similar price, from a man whom he personally knows and whom he can hold responsible.

"Think it over. Come in Saturday and next week we'll take up the subject from the buyers as well as the sellers' standpoint."

In another issue the *Star* attacks vigorously the custom of throwing on the merchants the burden and expense of all movements for bettering civic conditions.

It is a kind of co-operation that should be characteristic of the relations between all Kansas newspapers as mediums between the merchants and the community.

CHEW HORSESHEW AND BE FAMOUS!

Here is the story of how Winona, Kansas, chewed its way into fame in the year of grace, 1895, by consuming more Star and Horseshoe chewing tobacco than any other town along the line of the Union Pacific from Kansas City to Denver. It is a mouthfilling epic; and we tell the tale as 'twas told to us by Forester D. Joslyn of the *Logan County News*.

"Observant travelers," writes Mr. Joslyn, "have often wondered at the presence on all the signs of the American Tobacco Company along the main line of the Union Pacific between Kansas City and Denver, "90 miles to Winona," "200 miles to Winona," etc., till they begin to hunger and thirst for a look at the town so greatly favored by the big tobacco company.

"It happened in 1895, when the American Tobacco Company offered to the town on the main line of the Union Pacific, which should purchase the greatest amount of Star and Horseshoe plug tobacco in proportion to population, the honor of having its name and the distance of each bill-board from the town painted on each and every of the company's bill-boards, from Denver to Kansas City. When the year closed and the company checked up its sales accounts for the year, it was found that Winona, a mere village, then, had won. The Company kept its promise, and now for twenty years Winona has enjoyed this unique advertising. The signs will doubtless remain yet many years. Winona hopes so, for few, indeed, are they who travel over the U. P. R. R. who fail to look out to see Winona as they pass through the town.

YOU'RE WRITING A HISTORY TEXT BOOK

D. O. McCray wants every teacher in every grade school and high school in Kansas to spend fifteen minutes a day reading and discussing with his pupils the contents of a local newspaper, so as to give them an intelligent understanding, not only of the big current events that are making history, but also of those less easily apprehended local events which don't shout quite so loud, but which make history nevertheless.

He sets forth a very concrete plan for this in a recent address; and the idea he develops is one which the editors of Kansas are in a position to push to a speedy accomplishment if they choose.

The idea of teaching students to give intelligent consideration to current events is not new. Such periodicals as the *Literary Digest*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, and others, are being used in many schools. But Mr. McCray's idea is new in one respect; it demands that the county papers shall have a share in the work. There is no reason why they shouldn't. They give not only national news but local news; and an intelligent insight into local events is of the greatest importance to every citizen. There is every reason why pupils should be made to understand the vital significance and importance of the smaller events of life that are developing right before their unseeing, un-understanding eyes.

WEAVER ON STRONG ARM METHODS

Oley Weaver of the *Sedgwick Pantagraph* says that many advertising agencies believe in pounding one publisher over the head with the other publisher's rates. He confesses that he was once rate-man for such an agency, and that as a result of long experience, he is convinced of the importance of country publishers sticking to their card rates, if they have cards; and if they don't have cards they should print some immediately.

"I was at one time rate-man for an advertising agency," said Mr. Weaver. "That agency believed in pounding one publisher over the head with the other publisher's rates. I carried out their policy.

We were placing five hundred inches in Missouri daily papers. I asked for the lowest rates on electros. A contract was then made up calling for just the space required at exactly one-half the card rate. Invariably, one publisher would accept the contract with enclosed check, and the other would ask that we respect his rate. Then came the pounding process, and both would run the advertising at half-rate. That rate at which they accepted business was henceforth their quotation in our office.

This might be a sort of insight for some of the brethren who fall for a contract at the first price offered."

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

W. C. Markham, the new president of the Kansas Editorial Association is "Johnny on the spot". He has discovered that the next meeting of the Association is on its twenty-fifth anniversary, and he has already started a movement to have at Topeka next winter, all the members now living, who were at that first meeting twenty-five years ago.

FOR LOVE AND MONEY

Inspired by the remarks of Billy Sunday at Lawrence, advising newspaper men to dwell together in brotherly love, the newspaper publishers in one Kansas county have all bid full legal rates for the county printing, and the one to whom it is awarded divides with the others—while all the papers print the county proceedings. Which looks like a sensible arrangement.

RYAN FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY

C. W. Ryan, editor of the *Wathena Times*, is a candidate for the Republican nomination for County Attorney.

There are now three candidates for the Republican nomination for county attorney, Colonel W. Ryan having announced in the papers this week. He was born in Severance and his parents came to Kansas with the pioneer settlers.

After leaving school, he was admitted to the bar in Brown county and to practice in the Supreme Court. He afterwards attended the Law Schools of the Universities of Kansas and Michigan.

In 1900, he and his younger brother, Frank D. Ryan, drove overland to the Northwest, where they were the first settlers in Lost Valley. After commuting their homestead entries and getting patents to the land, they returned to Kansas, where Colonel Ryan formed a law partnership with his father, S. L. Ryan, with offices at Hiawatha and Troy.

Eight years later he bought and became editor of the *Wathena Times*, 1910.

The following comment on Mr. Ryan's candidacy is from the *Leavenworth Times*:

Colonel Ryan, editor of the *Wathena Times*, with a Troy department, is contemplating adding to his labors

the office of county attorney. He has not fully made up his mind whether or not he will be a candidate. Editor Ryan practiced law several years before he went into the newspaper business. He better stick to the newspaper. The woods are full of lawyers who are willing to take upon themselves the trouble of the county prosecutor's office but good editors are scarce. The man who makes as good a newspaper as the *Wathena Times* can't be spared from the profession.

Query: Whom is Biddle boosting?

HERE'S TO YOU!

Somebody on the *Osage City Free Press* must have been reading Walt Whitman—and believing him, what's more. Listen to this:

Here's to you, my friend! May no bitterness ever creep bewteen us! Whichever of us goes to the other's funeral, may the world there seem poorer and lonelier to him!

Here's to you, my enemies! Its a big world, full of transportation facilities, and may you go far away and stay there!

Here's to you, democracy! And may you soon come all over the earth!

Here's to you, kings and kaisers, czars and emperors, and all other holdovers from medievalism, and may the people soon push you off the planet!

Here's to you, soldiers, captains and generals, and may you speedily join the gladiators, inquisitors and hangmen in the realm of oblivion!

Here's to you, Henry Ford, and all Quakers and Socialists, and others with a peace dream, whether Quixotic or practical, and if you can't succeed one way you may try another!

Here's to you, wage workers, and may your tribe increase until the last adult shall work for a living! For then we can quit working the children.

Here's to you, lovers, for you are all that keeps God from burning up this rotten old globe! May tender thoughts and soft nothings and handclasps and kisses multiply!

Here's to you, women! May you soon be given equal privilege everywhere with the men, and make them as decent in politics as you have made them decent in the home!

Here's to you, little children! May you have all the play and laughter you can crowd into your days, and may every last one of you get a thorough education, and not one of you have to work until you are grown up!

Here's to you, dogs, horses and birds, and may we learn to love you more and treat you better!

Here's to you, failures and down-and-outs! May you learn that the world has a warm spot and a welcome for you too, if you'll keep thinking so!

Here's to you, everybody! Laughter and love to you! And to hell with war, the thoughts that make it, and the people that profit by it!

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

(*From the Philadelphia Aurora*)

Philadelphia, March 5, 1797. — The man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington, from this day, ceases to give a currency to political iniquity and legalized corruption. It is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however are the facts; and with these staring us in the face, this day ought to be a jubilee in the United States.



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THAT has been said that the Apostle Paul, if he were living today, would be a newspaper man. Does it not follow that the newspaper man of our day should be an Apostle Paul?

P. ROSEGGER